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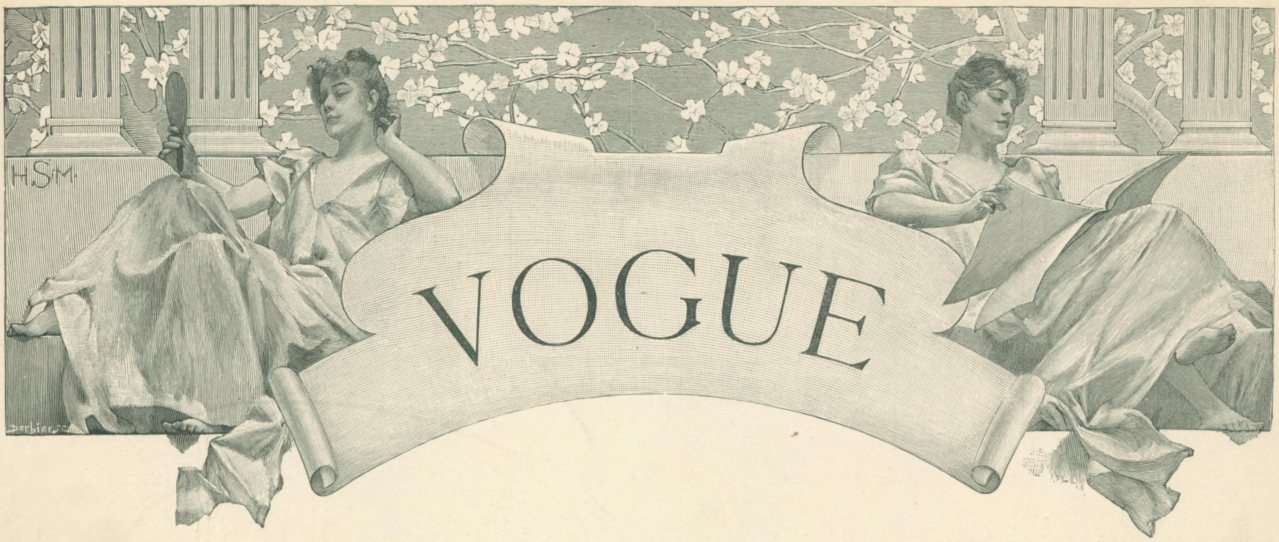

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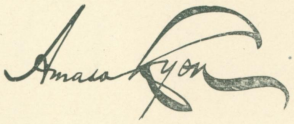

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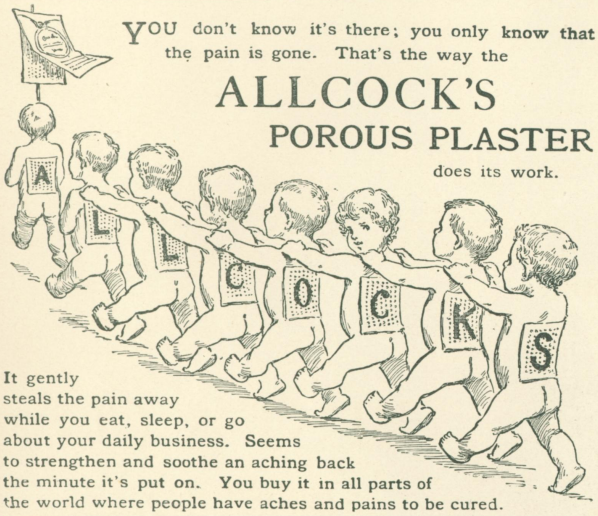

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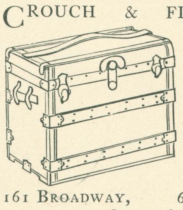

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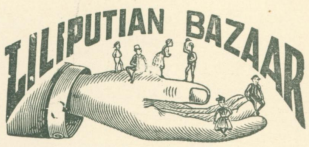

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Is only possible to any large degree where that particular business is made a specialty—All our attention and the resources of our large establishment are given to the outfitting of young people.

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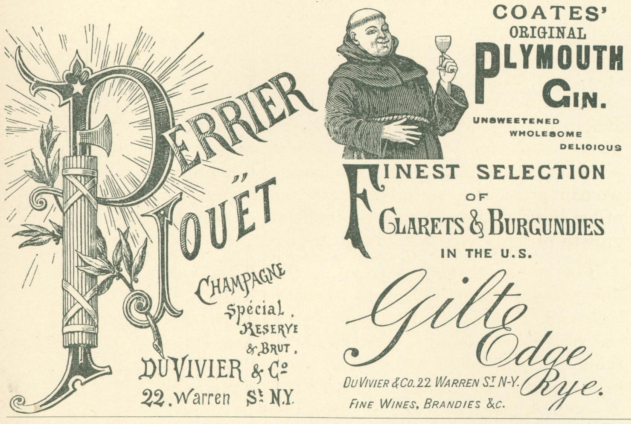
LUXURIES OF THE SEASON.



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"KNOX IS RIGHT"

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HATS FOR EVERY SOCIAL FUNCTION

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MUSICAL NOTES PUBLISHING COMPANY, 35 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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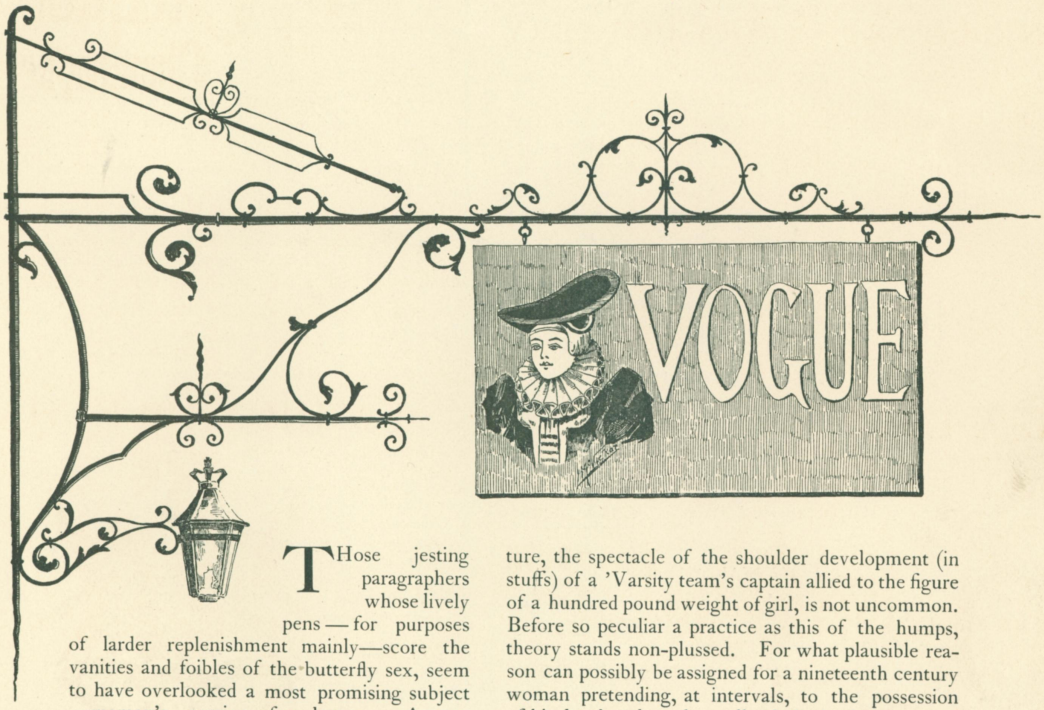
THE INAUGURAL NUMBER PUBLISHED ON JANUARY 1, 1893



THose jesting paragraphers whose lively pens — for purposes of larder replenishment mainly—score the vanities and foibles of the butterfly sex, seem to have overlooked a most promising subject —woman's passion for humps. Among feminine costume eccentricities, the hump in any of its various manifestations, is pre-eminently disfiguring, and it would fall an easy prey to treatment by the caricaturist.

The persistent recurrence of these uncanny growths makes it doubtful whether, after all, it was quite worth while ever to have put the spelling book into woman's hands. For of what value is mental development if one outcome of it is physical distortion? The savage mutilates her body for purposes of adornment; her civilized sister simulates deformity to attain a similar result. And to think that book learning, which was guaranteed to thoroughly regenerate the sex, should have failed so lamentably at this point!

The opening to her of colleges even, seems powerless to weaken the fascination that humps exercise over her imagination. For to-day, with co-education officially recognized even at conservative Yale, the streets of our town are filled with figures forced into an unsymmetry, melancholy to behold, by humps of velvet at sleeve top and shoulder. And since no effort is made to build up the rest of the figure to properly support this massive superstructure, the spectacle of the shoulder development (in stuffs) of a 'Varsity team's captain allied to the figure of a hundred pound weight of girl, is not uncommon. Before so peculiar a practice as this of the humps, theory stands non-plussed. For what plausible reason can possibly be assigned for a nineteenth century woman pretending, at intervals, to the possession of big head, enlarged small of the back, abnormal growth of hip, exaggerated breadth of shoulder?

The hump defies classification. Each variety is unique and owns no kinship to its predecessors. A collection of them would contribute nothing to the theory of evolution. Other portions of the costume feminine appear to develop, but this excrescence springs spontaneously into being, and perches, at will, on head or back or hip. Dis-environed and arranged as cabinet specimens, the catalogue of exhibits would run somewhat in this fashion: a tight, hard mass of hair, net covered, possessed of the limpidity of rock, felicitously named a "waterfall"; several inch long funnel-shaped coiffure with bobbing curls protruding from the extreme end, "The Psyche Knot" (named by a wag, no doubt); a worm-like roll of wire and tape, the bustle, and so on through bunches of wire and steel and bits of buckram, all of which and more go to the manufacture of humps more or less grotesque.

Impossible to account for on the ground of comfort, expediency, morality or beauty, the humps of woman's fancy must be added to the list of insoluble Whys? that forever vex the spirit of the philosopher and baffle his curiosity.

NECESSARY PROTECTION

SNODGRASS: "Have a cigar?"

SNIVELY (examining it critically): "Where's the life insurance policy that goes with this?"

AT THE CLOSE OF DAY

LITTLE ETHEL: "Read me some more of that pretty story; won't you, Mamma?"

MAMMA: "Very well. Where were we? Oh! here is the place. 'When the half-frozen travelers had reached the shore, they climbed up the bank and, skirting the woods,—'"

LITTLE ETHEL: "What did they do that for, Mamma?"

MAMMA: "Why, it was winter, you know, dear, and the wind blew fiercely, so they—"

LITTLE ETHEL: "Oh! I know. The limbs of the poor little trees were bare, so the travelers skirted them. Wasn't it nice of the kind travelers?"

A PROFESSIONAL AMATEUR

"Barlow is perfectly crazy over amateur theatricals."

"Why, he can't act."

"Yes, he can. He acts like a born idiot."

RATHER HARD

MISS BUDD: "Do you have 'Mr.' on your visiting cards?"

CHOLLY (pleased): "Why—aw—-yaas. Did you think I had a title?"

MISS BUDD: "Yes. I thought it might be 'Master.'"

A SOLEMN THING

MOTHER: "Marriage is a very solemn thing, my dear."

DAUGHTER (pouting): "I should imagine so, seeing how men seem to be so afraid of it."

HE LED THE WAY

COBBLE: "So you called on Miss Palisade the other night when her father was in, eh? Was he glad to see you?"

STONE: "Very. We talked for a little while, and then both of us went out."

COBBLE: "What! Not together?"

STONE: "Oh, no. I went out first."

UNANIMOUS

SHE: "Mr. Calloway dresses so plainly. I never seem to see what he has on."

HE: "I heard him say the same thing of you at the ball the other evening."

HOLDING A MEETING

HEAD OF FIRM: "Mr. Travers, what were all those men doing with you in front of the office just now?"

TRAVERS: "Didn't I tell you, sir, that I wanted to see a man?"

HEAD OF FIRM: "Yes; but I counted nine of them."

TRAVERS: "That's right. They were all tailors."

A NEW VERSION

"PRAY, what is your fortune, kind maid?" he said,
As they sat one eve in the greenwood's shade.
"My dowry's the dollars that papa has made—
Oh, that is my fortune, good sir," she said.

"How much did your papa make?" he said,
While his hand with her ringlets fondly played.
"A million or so he made in trade,
And that will be mine, good sir," she said.

"And what will you do with that gold?" he said,
(He sighed as he bent o'er her queenly head.)
"I'd make it quadruple, if you would wed
Such a fellow as me, sweet maid," he said.

"Nay! nay! for you are no lord," she said.
(He glanced at the fair one, sore dismayed!)
"I'll marry a 'dook' with his debts unpaid,
And he'll spend the dollars, good sir," she said.

THE HERO

JACK: "Who is the hero of that novel?"

PENELOPE: "The author—he made it interesting."

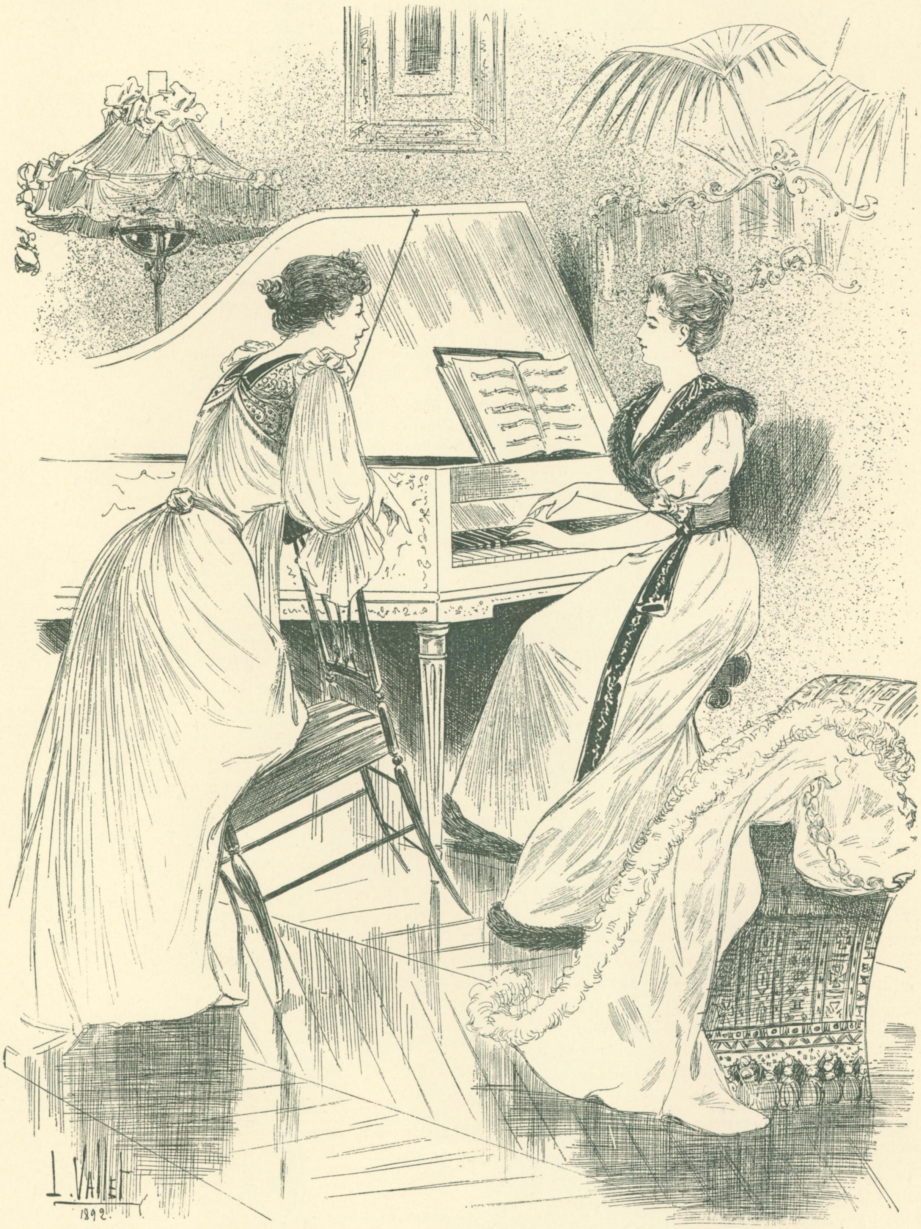
FULLY PREPARED

SHE: "Papa will question you about your past."

HE: "I won't let him. I'll only give him facts about my future."

AT THE CLUB

CHAPPIE (throwing himself into a chair): "Gweat Scott! I met Miss Budd to-day, and she walked, actually *walkea*, down to Twenty-third Street and back to Fortieth—and took me, too. Say, Weggie, order a crême de menthe for me, will you, and sign for it? I haven't got stwength."



BEFORE AND AFTER

Grace :—" Did you feel proud when you went to your first ball ? "
Rosalie :—" Yes, indeed, when I went—I didn't after I got home."

AS SEEN BY HIM

MAny people may think all this attention to detail in dress trivial. A careless man often excuses himself with the plea: "Oh, I could dress well, if I would only devote my life to it." There is no necessity for that. Indeed, I hardly think that this excellent quality can even be cultivated. Like poetry it is inborn, and I confess that I would rather trust my life or my fortunes, such as they are, with the physician, lawyer or man of affairs, in whom this trait is apparent, than the most talented or accomplished sloven. My man of details I know, has an orderly and well balanced mind, and I am certain that his moral qualifications are the counterpart of his mental ability.

Thus among the different men whom I meet at the clubs, I am always glad to discover in many of them this attention to little things. I breakfasted yesterday with just such a man. I noticed all his "fads," as some people are pleased to call them, and they are all indicative of his being a very charming and delightful fellow. He wore one of those rough English frock coats—we were taking a midday déjeûner á la fourchette—with a trig waist and long skirts. It was unbuttoned—as it always should be—and I could not help but admire the skilful way in which he had adjusted his tie, quite an accomplishment in itself. It was our last English importation, the Prince's knot. I like it because it seems so simple, and it is simple and yet there are not a dozen men who can tie it alike and many who can not tie it at all. The ends are of wide flowing silk and the band that goes around the neck is very long and narrow. To tie it correctly one must give it a couple of twists, so as to make the bow tiny and small and somewhat drawn in appearance. Then with a sudden deft turn of the hand, the ends are brought through the small narrow knot, and spread out in silken prodigality, and there you have it. In order to keep the wide ends from parting in the centre and showing the shirt bosom underneath, as well as to give an artistic finish to the whole, a small gold or silver pin with a pearl head or a tiny design is thrust through the bottom of the knot, piercing the silken ends in the centre and making its appearance again through the full material. Some men even place the pin, especially if it should be a large one, beneath the knot, among the folds of the cravat, but I do not like that as well as I do the fashion adopted by my club friend. All of this, of course, requires practice and it can no more be learned by written explanation or diagram, than one can learn how to dance from a "Ball Room Guide" or become well bred by reading an etiquette book.

I was much amused at a scene at a haberdasher's the other day, where several men, evidently new to the east, had been persuaded into purchasing these pretty ties. Of course, they could not arrange them, and unfortunately, the ever willing salesman tried to explain. His theory was, that they should be tied with but one twist, precisely in the same manner as the "four-in-hand." I was consoled immediately, for I knew that it would be years before the Prince's knot found its way to the cheap shops. There is a refreshing originality to be exercised in its adjustment, which, after all, is as intricate as the tariff. I hope it will continue the favorite for some time to come.

The canes now carried are, as a rule, made with malacca stick and heavy knob handle. The handle may be of gold or silver, engraved or plain. The very latest handle is made of carved ivory and shows a design of three horses' heads.

Cigarette holders come in many new designs. Some of the finest amber have jewelled ornamentation, such as a tiny crab with shell of encrusted brilliants, a lizard with diamond head, or a spider with body of black pearl and web of silver.

A most becoming fashion to all men is the upper false waistcoat. It is made of white duck, Marseilles or piqué, and forms a line of white above the dark or colored waistcoat, which is very effective. This was originally intended to be worn with the Prince Albert coat and four-in-hand tie, but it is now used with even the plain cravat to which some men cling through all the changes and chances of fashion.

In head-gear this winter, the shapes for men are more on the expansive order, and the bell-shaped top-hat and "Billy-Cock" with large and rolling brim, in favor several years ago, have been revived. In the case of hats, extremes should be avoided as carefully as in the matter of coat-tails.

There seems to be a diversity of opinion as to whether scarf pins shall be generally worn. Pear shaped pearls are considered a very swell thing, but as they are also very expensive the fashion cannot become general.

For description of the fashion drawings Published in Vogue see Society Supplement.

H. McVicker Jr.

LACE AS A COSTUME ACCESSORY

LAce, both black and white, is as much the fashion as ever. For ball gowns, the most beautiful old laces are worn with the heaviest, as well as the most diaphanous toilettes. Old Flemish guipure, imitation point, genuine Spanish and Alençon, Venetian point, Valenciennes, Pompadour, and Normandy rose, are worn, as well as many of the less expensive laces, such as Spanish, Empire, Point d' esprit and Irish guipures. A pretty white dinner gown in a bride's trousseau, has a flounce of creamy white lace around the low corsage, and a wide frill of the same falling over the large, pale pink velvet sleeves. The graceful skirt is slightly lifted on one side, showing a petticoat of lace over a pink foundation. The "coquille," which is a gathered frill of lace, either turned backward or arranged in jabot fashion, is a favorite trimming. It is frequently the continuation of the wide flounce on the bottom of the skirt, uniting it to the corsage. The heading of the lace flounce upon the skirt is changed in various ways, so as to avoid a too plain effect. Sometimes it is cut comparatively narrow in front, running up much higher at the sides.

A newly imported evening dress is cut princess style, with décolleté corsage. From a draped band with rosette on the left side hangs a front of lace, falling to the edge of the skirt. A similar drapery, like a Watteau plait, falls from the middle of the back. The sleeves are short and bouffant, and covered with lace caps, put on very full.

A pretty dancing toilette for a young girl is made of pale pink chiffon, with a flounce of white lace six inches deep upon the edge of the skirt. The heading is concealed by festoons of pale pink satin ribbon, with a bow of four loops forming a rosette, placed at intervals all around the skirt. The baby waist is bordered by a frill of lace, which falls over the short, puffed sleeves of chiffon. The belt of satin ribbon is caught at the side with a knot of pink roses.

Upon an Empire evening dress a flounce of lace is placed midway upon the skirt simulating an upper skirt, and a ruche of narrow lace mingled with a garland of roses forms the trimming upon the bottom. This toilette, and the dancing gown described above, are made in what is known as "dancing length."

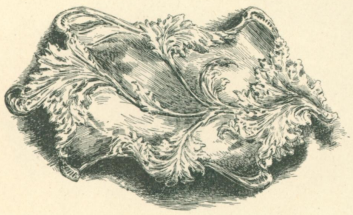
A pretty trimming of lace, either on a low or high corsage, is a flouncing arranged so as to form a fichu and sleeves all in one. It is gathered full on the shoulder, the width at that point being eight or ten inches, and made to fall over the arm; the lace is then narrowed gradually, the fulness diminishing until it reaches the belt line both front and back. The ends are concealed within the belt.

Lace flounces are used on skirts, from the narrowest little frills, set one above another, to the number of six or eight, up to those of half a yard and more in width, festooned with roses, feathers, or bows of ribbon. A Worth gown just made, in Empire style, has a fall of lace hanging from the lower side of the yoke, which falls to the edge of the skirt. This yoke is somewhat the shape of a Figaro jacket, so that the fall of lace is not quite straight in front, but comes up in a point made by the opening of the jacket. At the back the lace is put in straight, and is open in the middle to make room for the train.

A narrow lace bordering appears now on tulle bridal veils. This is, as a rule, either of Flemish lace or Point d' esprit. Fine Brussels or Mechlin laces are frequently used, however, with good effect. A charming dinner gown was recently seen which shows graceful trimmings of black lace. The material is of rose pink silk, with narrow black stripes at distances of several inches apart. The very wide sleeves are of plain rose pink silk, covered with black guipure. The round waist is crossed on one side with the plain silk, which continues under the belt, forming a sash. The sash is striped with insertions of black guipure, and trimmed with a flounce of lace to match. There is a belt of black velvet, finished with a flat bow, and a collarette or fichu of black guipure lace, which hangs to the belt line both back and front, and is narrowed at the shoulder. A ruche of black lace finishes it at the throat. It takes two yards of wide lace to make one of these collarettes, which are adjustable.

One of the prettiest evening gowns made this season, is of pale yellow bengaline, with low corsage of black velvet. The velvet of the corsage is merely a wide straight belt, with bretelle-like wings wider at the shoulders. The upper part of the corsage is of black Brussels lace crossed in surplice fashion and the puffed sleeves, which appear under the black velvet wings, are of the same lace. The bengaline skirt is bell shaped with a row of narrow jet passementerie concealing each seam. Half way down the length of the skirt is a full flounce of black lace, partially veiled by a jet beaded fringe. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a wide ruche of black lace. This toilette is to be completed by long black gloves, a black fan, and gold aigrette for the hair.

A recent gown for a five o'clock tea is a smooth cloth of heliotrope color, with wide sleeves reaching to the elbow, of velvet in a rather deeper shade. From the elbow to the middle of the hand are long wrinkled sleeves of English point lace, and the same lace forms a yoke shaped fichu with full ruffle at the throat, fastened in by a band of heliotrope velvet.



Lace sashes are worn with lace trimmed gowns. A white crêpe gown has a folded sash of creamy lace, and a deep fall of the same lace from the shoulders. There is also a flounce of the same lace around the bottom of the skirt, finished with a narrow ruche of the crêpe as a heading. The under side of all the evening gowns is finished with dainty lace rufflings placed over the wide satin facing.

A recent "creation" of a fashionable modiste is to be worn shortly by a matron who gives an "At Home" to introduce her daughter. The material is of rich lilac peau de soie. Over the skirt is draped costly black lace caught up in shallow festoons around the bottom, and held in place by jet pendants. The corsage is cut V-shape in front and draped with a double frill of black lace. The elbow sleeves are of lilac velvet made in two puffs held in place by straps of jet, and bordered by a long deep flounce of black lace, put on very full and showing the long gloves of suede of the same color as the gown. A stomacher of cut jet covers the front of the corsage. A dinner gown made almost wholly of lace deserves a detailed description. The under-dress is a princess of pale pink faille. The over-dress is of cream white lace open on one side up to the waist line, and trimmed

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SKIRT DAN

NG EN FAMILLE

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on each side the opening with a scant jabot of edging to match. The silk dress beneath the opening is trimmed with bands about two inches wide, of white silk embroidered in gold. The lace corsage also opens in front over the high pink corsage, which is trimmed also with white silk bands embroidered with gold. The lace is fastened upon the left shoulder, and crosses to the belt line on the right side, where it is caught up with a bow of pink velvet ribbon. Upon the left shoulder another fall of lace is fastened and disappears under the crossing. The sleeves are enormously full and are made of lace over pink faille. They reach to the elbow where they meet a long cuff of the lace, tight fitting although wrinkled. A band of pink velvet embroidered with gold forms the straight collar at the throat.

Some of the new carriage and reception gowns are made with fichu capes of velvet to match the gown. Over these capes a fall of écru lace is frequently seen.

In no way has the spirit of the times brought more change than in the dinner hour and costume. The grandfathers of the present generation thought six o'clock a late hour to dine, but now half after seven is considered early. The master must always don his dress suit, although the Tuxedo coat in one's own house is allowable. The mistress dresses as though for a ball, the only difference being in the material, which is plainer, and the sleeves, which are worn long. The same formality must be observed in serving the family dinner as obtains when a number of guests are present.

Low cut gowns for reception wear have entirely gone out, for which dame fashion deserves a vote of thanks. Anything more appallingly incongruous than a hostess in full ball regalia receiving friends attired in street costume has rarely been known. The reception dress worn by the hostess this winter is in perfect taste and always appropriate. Made high in the throat with long sleeves and a train, the richness of the material and the faultless cut give an exceedingly artistic effect. Light colors are preferred. An effort has been made to introduce the old-fashioned square-cut bodice, but it has met with little success, and that becoming style must be patient for a time longer.

In country houses the same formality of dress is observed even during the winter. Gowns made of very light material and cut décolleté may seem a trifle cold, but if our English cousins can wear low cut muslins all winter in their houses, which are rarely, if ever, heated with furnaces, there is no excuse for an American woman having even the slightest cold in the head.

Lorgnette chains are among the prettiest of the novelties. They are made of the finest gold, studded with tiny pearls or diamonds. These chains are quite long and make a desirable toilet accessory, as lorgnettes are troublesome to take care of when carried about in the hand.

THe Masked Ball, which is to have its one hundredth performance at the Standard Theatre December 28th, is certainly a wonderful success. It is, of course, farce, pure and simple; but then it is a very long time since we have been treated to pure and simple farce. Many were the advance conjectures as to whether John Drew's marked personality was all his own, or whether it was not the entourage of dear and delightful Daly's that gave him his vogue. John Drew was not long in convincing his audiences that he himself was as all his admirers had hoped, absolutely unique in his portrayal of widely different characters. His ridiculous gestures are as much part of his acting as the lines he has to say. In one scene in particular, where, after exhausting even his mine of deception, he frantically waves his arms like a windmill, ejaculating, "Well, I give up," as he sinks into a chair, he is inexpressibly funny. Miss Maude Adams has won for herself well-deserved applause. She has a most difficult part to portray, and, as one and all the critics agree, portrays it well. Drunkenness on the stage, acted either by man or woman, invariably elicits laughter from some in the house, but there are many faces, which to a close observer show disgust and sometimes pain. In this case laughter is universal, for the pretended inebriety is irresistibly comic. The absurd thought of the chemist who invented a patent cough medicine composed of honey made by bees who fed on poppies sprinkled with opium is certainly an original idea, and as clever as it is original.

P. P. C.

IN a study coquettishly elegant as a woman's boudoir, at a writing table strewn with costly trifles in crystal and repoussé silver, sat Alcide de Penneville.

He was the fashionable poet of the hour, the leader of a little clique. He had gained this by a coup d'état: Paris is captured only by surprise, he had reflected. Therefore let us be surprising!

The Décadents had discovered that the five vowels of the alphabet have the value of odors, of colors, of the timbre of the various instruments of the orchestra. M. Alcide de Penneville found that the consonants appeal to the other senses; touch and taste.

He immediately announced his theory in a group of sonnets. For example, he declared that the letter B tasted like marrons glacés and felt like Russia leather; L had the divinely innocent savor of new milk and was like wool to the touch; V was for him a melon, the polished steel of a duelist's rapier, the tap of a coquette's fan. While X was no less than the soft, electric fur of a cat with green eyes, the kiss of a woman—and as to taste:

"And X has of absinthe the unknown ophidian charm," he wrote.

Finally, Z reminded him of the fumes of burning charcoal, rendering arid the mouth of a suicide; also it felt like the marbles of the cemetery, or a sheet of paper whereon were written cruel words.

These sonnets, read aloud to a circle of young men, secured for Alcide a rich patron who aided him to publish his poems in an elegant edition with portrait of the author and fac-simile of his elaborately impulsive autograph.

The clique of which he was master called themselves the Anéantis. For they felt themselves annihilated, overthrown, abashed, before the tremendous infinity of Art. Meanwhile, they admired each other very comfortably.

Alcide did not care to recall those days when, in a garret, he had written verses that came from the heart. Other thoughts now occupied him: his fame, and lately, certain signs of disaffection among his followers. One of the young men had even said that to him the letter X had a distinct taste of cabbage and felt like wet boots.

Therefore, if he did not wish to figure as one of the "Rois en Exil," Alcide must urge his fancy to still wilder flights. Some sheets of paper lay before him, on which he had begun the composition of a poem in a Cingalese metre, with unheard-of imagery and expressions. It was about a Chimera. The poet, nibbling a pen-holder, was hypnotizing his imagination, seeking for visions and harmonies in that which he had called, in the first stanza of the poem,

"The sentient nothingness which palpitates."

Oh! where was that rhyme? He turned his eyes to the ceiling—it was not there. His head fell between his palms, the fingers interlaced over the brow as if to detain the nebulous, fleeting ideas.

Some one entered the doorway—a corpulent, panting woman. She wore a trailing white peplum; on her hair lay a wreath of withered laurel leaves. She carried a lute, unstrung and dusty.

"At least one knocks," quoted Alcide.

"No, my dear. I am quite at home. You remember your old Muse?"

Muse! she resembled a portly, florid market-woman.

Long ago, she visited his attic. She would slide down upon a white moon-beam and enter through the casement. Ethereal, divine, she would pose on the arm of his chair, lean upon his shoulder, whisper in his ear comfort and inspiration. Before departing, she kissed his eyelids and he slept; his forehead, and he dreamed of fame.

What beautiful verses, simple and sincere, he wrote in those days! Yet sometimes his penny-worth of cheese came wrapped in a piece of the journal in which those poems were printed without payment. Finally, he had, by a clever trick, placed himself at the head of a little company of literary jugglers. His fortune dated from the betrayal of his Muse.

"Madame," he said with ceremony, "To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"I come to bid you a definitive farewell. Fortunately, you reside nearer to the earth, nowadays. To visit an attic, you see, I should crack the moon-beams, descending, or going upstairs, lose my breath—I'm so stout. But I have not been faithless to you. You would not have me come any more into your verses: therefore I have remained idle for your sake. But we Olympians, nourished by vapors of burnt offerings and of libations, are not gluttons. I was content with the fumes of your black coffee, of your pipe, even the prosaic odor of bread and cheese. But I am satiated with the thick steam of dinners in honor of you. Once I was slim as a reed, with a voice of music—now I'm become a barrel and wheezy. I choose between an adieu and an apoplexy. Alcide, may you continue to live well. In return, wish to me that I may find again my waist and my breath. Now I go to a poor young writer, newly arrived from a provincial village, who has just hired his garret. I will dictate his poems, as once yours. Perhaps I shall grow delicate and vocal again on the vapors of his meagre soup. Alcide, farewell."

She was gone. The poet shook himself. At his old trick of sleeping in an arm-chair. What a dream!

Then he began to dress for a complimentary banquet given to him by some fabulously rich Americans who were learning their Paris.

E. Cavazza.

"LE BON ONCLE D'AMÉRIQUE"

By Thomas A. Janvier. [Concluded in this number]

IV

IN his letter from London, Uncle Rittenhouse directed me to secure rooms for him at the Splendide (the Splendide was in its glory in those days) and to get him the best they had. Of course he didn't go in for style, he added, but I knew how my Aunt felt about such things so I must get absolutely the best they had. The apartment must include a room for myself, he went on in his hearty way—that I ought to know without being told. And then he ended by saying that some payment of earnest-money probably would be necessary, and he therefore enclosed a cheque for a thousand francs.

That evening there was a general treading on air when the impending great event was discussed by my warm-hearted friends. "Figure to yourself," said Margot, "our Edouard living au premier at the Splendide! Figure to yourself his being free to order from the restaurant and from the cellar what he pleases—and the good uncle standing ready with his hands in his deep pockets to pay the bill! It is a dream!"

"And oh! the boxes at the theatres and the suppers!" cried 'Toinette rapturously.

"And the drives in the Bois, and the dinners!" cried Thérèse. "We will go to the Café Madrid for the dinners—they are heavenly: superb!"

"He will buy my 'Les adieux d' Hector!'" cried Tartigny.

"My 'Lever de lune aux Batignolles' is already sold!" shouted Ploiron. And they all cried together: "To the health of the good American Uncle, and to the health of our Edouard who brings him here!"

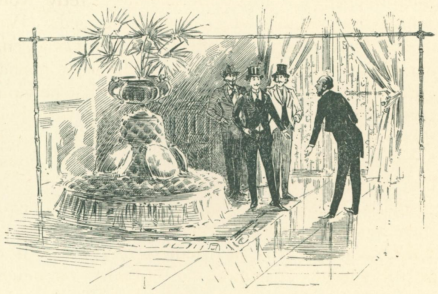
As they drank this toast they crowded around me and embraced me—and I solemnly declare that at that very moment I saw Aunt Rittenhouse standing before me as clearly and as substantially as ever I saw her in the flesh! She was dressed in her normal dull black silk; she wore her normal white lace cap with dangling bobs; her Deportment lit her up like a halo; her expression was Propriety itself!

I shuddered. Cold sweat started out upon my forehead. For a moment I was dizzy and faint. When I grew steady again the vision had vanished. After that I had no heart to continue the festivities. On the plea of sudden indisposition—which my ghastly paleness confirmed—I hastened away. Outside the door I had a moment of courage in which I turned back to tell my friends everything. But as my hand touched the door-knob fear once more overcame me. Within, I heard their light-hearted laughter. There was a choking in my throat, a stifled feeling in my chest, a general sense of suffocation. I simply could not do it. With a sigh of bitter agony I turned away—leaving them still in the fool's paradise into which I so weakly had permitted them to enter: though all the while I knew that Nemesis was coming in a dull black silk gown and in a white lace cap with dangling bobs!

V

In accordance with my uncle's instructions, I engaged for him the most magnificent apartment obtainable at the Splendide. When I went upon this mission Tartigny and Ploiron went with me: they wished to share, they said, in the homage that would be done to the person who engaged such a suite of rooms. They were right about the homage. Had I wanted to, I am convinced that the Gérant would have been more than willing to let me kick him up stairs and then kick him down again. In fact, the creature's servility so disgusted me that I made Tartigny and Ploiron do most of the bargaining. They liked it. The very natural conclusion of the Gérant evidently was that the uncle in whose interest we were acting was the uncle of all of us.

The apartment that we finally engaged was fit for the Emperor. Indeed, it was furnished quite in his taste. The hangings were of crimson velvet; crimson velvet covered the furniture; crimson predominated in the violent frescoing and in the uncontrolled carpets; everything that possibly could be gilded fairly blazed with gold. The cabins of the Old Colony steamboats in the days



of Jim Fiske were the only places comparable with that apartment that ever I have seen designed for the habitation of man. In the middle of the great salon was a pyramidal piece of furniture that might have come from a Sound steamboat bodily—a circular sofa, the centre-piece of which rose to a height of five feet or thereabouts and upheld a hideous bronze vase filled with artificial flowers. It was one of the most hopelessly vulgar objects I ever saw—but it was entirely in keeping with the intense vulgarity dominant in Paris at that particular time. The rent that the Splendide people wanted for this explosive suite of rooms was some-

thing terrific. It was so much, and the rooms themselves were so offensively ostentatious, that I hesitated about making a positive engagement. Tartigny and Ploiron thought the apartment charming. This was not so much because their artistic taste was at fault as because their imaginations were dazzled. They believed that a thing that cost so much necessarily must be magnificent. Swayed by this feeling, they insisted that I should engage the apartment at once. Never mind the price, they said airily. What you get is for the good uncle: for him it is impossible that anything can be too fine. Our reputation for hospitality is at stake. We must make him comfortable at any cost. Thus urged, I paid down five hundred francs as earnest-money and engaged the rooms.

The lively anticipation of coming joy in which my friends indulged as we walked away together from the Splendide made me inexpressibly wretched. My heart smote me as I thought upon the dreary feast of Dead Sea apples to which I was inviting, tacitly, at least, these warm-hearted young men. I yearned over them—longing to throw myself upon their generous breasts, implore their mercy, and confess all. My courage not being equal to this exalted line of conduct, their companionship became unendurable. Excusing myself on the grounds that I must write to my uncle to inform him that all was in readiness for his arrival, I fled.

When alone, my mind was beset with doubts as to the manner in which I had discharged my stewardship. I had, to be sure, obeyed my instructions to the letter; and I was confident that my aunt—whose parsimony was equalled only by her extravagance—openly would criticise and secretly would admire the quarters which I had engaged. With my uncle the case was different. He was a sensible man, with a great love of solid comfort and a great hatred of vain display. I knew that he would accept without a word of fault-finding the choice that I had made for him; but I feared that in his heart of hearts he would regret that I had housed him amidst surroundings which so pointedly suggested an exhibition of pyrotechnics. Moved by these considerations, I returned to the Splendide and arranged to have in readiness on the day of his arrival another apartment au premier—somewhat less expensive, and decidedly less aggressive than the first, so that he might make his own choice between the two. I decided, however, not to say anything to my uncle about this subsidiary arrangement until he had seen the more magnificent suite of rooms. All that I wanted was to be ready for him, in case his manner indicated dissatisfaction, with a good second choice. When I had settled the matter in this way I was much easier in my mind.

VI

At the atelier, that afternoon, Tartigny and Ploiron were so overflowing with joyful excitement that I became fairly desperate. We would have a preliminary celebration that very evening, they declared; a dinner all together at which we would drink to the good uncle's safe arrival and at the same time still further perfect our arrangements for extending to him a fitting welcome. A matter of such importance, they added, could not be talked over too often nor too much.

This simply was horrible. The thought that the same sort of thing certainly would go on during the whole of the ensuing week was more than I could stand. I managed to get away alone from the atelier and went for a miserable solitary walk along the quays. That Tartigny and Ploiron would come for me to my rooms and drag me off to the dinner I knew was inevitable. Escape seemed hopeless. Involuntarily, my eyes turned toward the Seine! In this despairing moment I was saved by an inspiration. Temporary flight, I reflected, was better than permanent death. My inspiration was that I should go into hiding until my uncle arrived. With his arrival I knew I would be safe. However disastrous in other ways might be the coming of Aunt Rittenhouse, at least her presence would protect me effectually against the righteous anger of my friends. Strengthened by this gleam of hope, I returned to my lodgings instantly; wrote a hurried note to my friends telling them that my uncle had telegraphed me to join him in London for the few remaining days of his sojourn there; packed hastily my portmanteau; jumped into a cab, and bade the cabman drive across the river and drive fast.

Not until the cabman asked me, "where to?" did I realize that I had no definite destination. I reflected for a moment, and then told him to the Rue Cambon. That was a long way off; and I remembered that in the Rue Cambon was a little hotel frequented only by Americans and English. There could not be a better place in which to secrete myself; I would be hidden as effectually as though I had gone to the moon. I am confident that everybody in that hotel believed me to be the American forger who was known to be hiding just then in Paris. While daylight lasted I did not venture outside of my room. At night I took feverish walks in the tangle of little streets between the Boulevard Malesherbes and the Rue St. Honoré. To reach this sequestered region I had to cross the Rue Royale. I crossed it as though pursued by fiends.

At last came the evening fixed for my uncle's arrival. I paid my bill, and went off to meet him at the Gare du Nord. On my way, I left my bag at the Splendide. There was no need for me to enter the hotel, for I had written to the Gérant that morning repeating my instructions to have both apartments in readiness. I gave my bag to a porter and drove on to the railway station. I was possessed by a torturing dread that Tartigny and

Ploiron would come to the railway station, too. They had proposed this demonstration of welcome, and I had decidedly vetoed it; yet I was far from certain that they would not carry their project into effect. There was no telling, indeed, to what lengths their impulsive natures might or might not carry them. If they happened to think of it, they were quite capable of bringing along the girls. I entered the station shuddering, and with extreme caution. If they were there, the only course open to me was instant flight. Infinitely, to my relief, they were not there

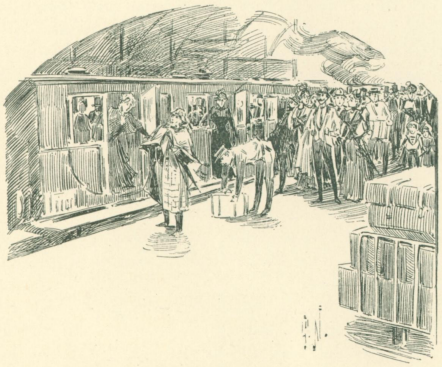
VII

The train came in on time. My uncle, my aunt, my aunt's maid (my aunt always insisted that her maid should travel in the same compartment with her), descended from a first-class carriage. A porter collected their three bags, a hat-box, the umbrellas, and a roll of rugs. My uncle's little sole-leather trunk, my aunt's two Saratoga trunks, and the maid's box, were brought out from the luggage-car. The word was passed joyfully among the porters that Americans were in sight. The procession moved.

As I met my uncle outside the gates he was all heartiness and cordiality. "You are looking pale and tired, my boy," he said. "You have been working too hard. Well, never mind—now you are to have a fortnight's holiday."

My aunt's cordiality was of the temperate sort that was habitual with her. "I am glad to see you, Edward," she said. "You certainly do not look very well. I fear that you have been keeping late hours."

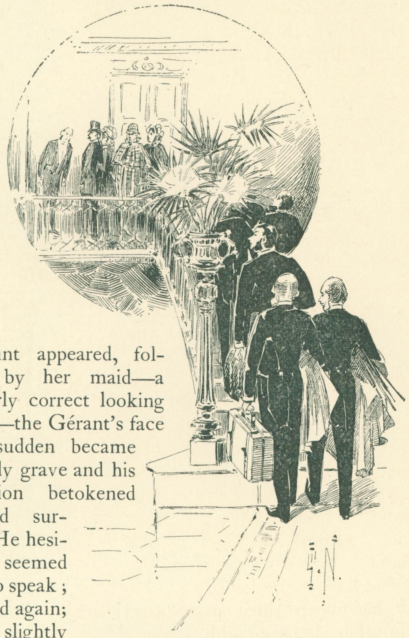
I attended to their luggage, stowed them in the carriage that I had in readiness, and we drove off to



THE TRAIN CAME IN ON TIME

the hotel. As we went along my uncle told me about the deplorable food that he had been compelled to eat in London. He declared that the irascibility of the English as a race no longer occasioned him surprise.

The Gérant was in waiting for us at the foot of the grand stairway of the Splendide. As my uncle —large, stout, jovial—descended from the carriage, this official greeted him with much obsequiousness, yet gave him an oddly knowing smile. But when



ROYALTY COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE MAGNIFICENTLY RECEIVED

my aunt appeared, followed by her maid—a singularly correct looking person—the Gérant's face of a sudden became curiously grave and his expression betokened unmixed surprise. He hesitated; seemed about to speak; hesitated again; then slightly shrugged his shoulders and merely bowed.

Grouped behind the Gérant on the brilliantly lighted stairway was a detachment of footmen. The display was imposing. Royalty could not have been more magnificently received. There was not enough hand luggage to go round. Two footmen carried each piece between them. As they performed this arduous service their faces were wreathed with expectant smiles. The Gérant, still with the odd look of surprise upon his face, led the way. I followed with my aunt upon my arm. A step behind us came my uncle. Then came the maid. The train of footmen brought up the rear. In this imposing order we swept up the stairway, along the broad hall, and so into the antichamber of the crimson-and-gold apartment which I had engaged. The door leading into the salon was closed. From the other side of it seemed to come the sound of partly suppressed laughter. Again the Gérant paused, half turned toward me with a look of wondering inquiry, again shrugged his shoulders—and then with a sort of desperate energy flung wide open the double door. A flood of light burst upon us from the blazing chandeliers; there was a shout of laughter, and a cry in chorus (in French, fortunately): "To the health of the

good—" and then there was a frozen silence as cold and deep as death itself!

If I live to be a thousand years old I still shall feel a sickening thrill in the very marrow of my bones as I recall that moment of intense agony. In my time I have seen horrible sights, but never anything that to me was as horrible as what I saw then!

On the pyramidal centre of that vile circular sofa, replacing the bronze vase filled with artificial flowers, stood Margot. She wore a liberty-cap and was draped in the French flag. Below her, standing on the seat of the sofa, with their right and left arms respectively clasped about her waist, were, 'Toinette and Thérèse in classical white drapery. At 'Toinette's feet lay a palette and brushes, together with an open paint-box. At the feet of Thérèse lay modeling tools, chisels, a wooden mallet and a cast in plaster of the head of the Young Augustus. To the right and left of these principal figures, reclining partly upon the floor and partly against the sofa, were Tartigny and Ploiron. Tartigny wore a French infantry uniform and held in his left hand a bunch of thunderbolts, improvised from long brushes, to which had been glued paste-board barbs. Ploiron, in white drapery highly suggestive of a sheet, held in his right hand an olive branch that had the look of being made from a mahl-stick and wisps of tissue paper and twisted wire. Each member of this interesting group—it really was admirably composed—held outstretched towards us a brimming glass, with the obvious intention of drinking the toast of which we had heard only the opening words. Sweeping downward in a long flowing curve from Margot's extended right hand was a scroll on which was blazoned, in red, white and blue letters—luckily, the scroll had coiled up in such a way as to hide the last word—the legend that supplied the key to this stirring tableau vivant: "France, supported by the Liberal Arts of Painting and Sculpture, and dominating War and Peace, extends her welcome to America!"

The dreadful silence that fell upon us in the midst of that interrupted toast lasted, as it seemed to me, through countless ages. I felt my aunt's arm tremble as it rested on mine, and then grow rigid. She gave a low gasp. My uncle was too far gone for gasping. He did not utter a sound. As for the members of the tableau vivant, had they been of marble they could not have been more still. Never did the Gorgon's head get in a better or a quicker bit of petrifying than was got in on that occasion by my intensely proper aunt!

VIII

In tremendous emergencies even commonplace people sometimes grow heroic and become inspired. My own heroism and inspiration, under stress of a

combination of circumstances that was nothing less than appalling, admirably illustrates this interesting psychological fact. In that agonized instant of waiting—it could not have been more—I rallied my mental forces and matured a plan of deliverance. In the self-same instant I put my plan into execution. Holding my aunt's arm firmly within mine, I turned briskly from the door and dragged her with me. This operation forced back my uncle and the maid. The Gérant had the rare presence of mind to bang to the doors. As he stepped back I turned upon him fiercely and addressed him in tones of righteous wrath:

"What do you mean by this outrageous blunder?" I demanded sternly. "Did you not tell me but yesterday that this apartment had been engaged by Prince Potowsky? Take us instantly to the apartment that I engaged!"

I spoke in English, for I wished my aunt and my uncle to have the benefit of my explanation. The Gérant understood English—and he had also begun to understand the situation. He perceived that it was likely to lead to the immediate departure from the hotel of a promisingly profitable patron; that it might even develop into a public scandal by which the custom of Americans generally would be lost. And on top of all this he had the cold comfort of knowing that he was largely

responsible for it himself—in that, being misled by the prominent part taken by Tartigny and Ploiron in hiring the apartment, he had permitted the very lively young people at that moment occupying the salon to take unrestricted possession of it in advance of my arrival. His shoes, clearly, were narrower even than mine; and therefore it was with an expression of mingled relief and gratitude that he realized the masterly import of my words. Later, he expressed his thanks to me in formal terms, and at the same time stated his conviction that my action in the premises had been nothing less than sublime. He took his cue on the instant.

"A thousand pardons, m'sieu'-madame," he cried, "I have made a most stupid mistake in bringing you to Prince Potowsky's apartment. The apartment on the other side of the hall is yours. I myself had the honor to set it in order but to-day."

Neither my aunt nor my uncle was in any condition to speak. They were utterly bewildered. With admirable coolness the Gérant sent a man down stairs for the key which he had at that moment in his own pocket, and so was able to shoot four men ahead to light the candles. This flank movement was a complete success. In two minutes we were in the other apartment—that so obviously was in readiness for expected guests as to eave no room for doubting that it really was the suite which I had engaged.

My aunt sank down into a chair. My uncle laid his hat upon a table with a chuckle, and as he took off his overcoat he fairly broke into a laugh.

"Edward!" said my aunt, severely, "Are you sure that this is a respectable hotel?"

"It is the most fashionable hotel in Paris, Aunt," I replied. "I regret exceedingly that this stupid mistake has occurred. But you must remember that the apartment in which we accidentally saw those very indecorous young people belongs to a Russian prince; and you must remember, too, that you are—in France!"

"Oh!" said my aunt.

My uncle continued to chuckle. "So we are! So we are!" he said. "I should know that those girls were French if I met them in the moon! Prince Powwowsky seems to make a point of picking out good-looking people for his friends—eh, Edward? I wonder what they were doing, all in a heap that way? Did you notice the top one—the one with the little red cap and dressed in the flag? She was a beauty, wasn't she?"

"Logan!!" It was Aunt Rittenhouse who spoke, and she spoke with extreme severity. "Logan!" she repeated, "I am ashamed of you! Let me never hear another word about those brazen French hussies again!"

When Aunt Rittenhouse spoke in that tone Uncle Rittenhouse knew that she was not to be trifled with. "Well, well," he said, "it was funny, but we'll say no more about it. Let us have dinner at once. Whatever may be wrong with French customs, I am sure that there is nothing wrong with French cooks!"

IX

After all, it was Tartigny and Ploiron who paid the penalty of my ill-advised reticence and of their own indiscretion. They themselves perceived that after what had occurred their presentation to my uncle was out of the question. Poor fellows—they never tasted the dinners upon which they had counted so confidently; and "Les adieux d' Hector," and the "Lever de lune aux Batignolles" remained unsold! They never quite forgave me for what they termed my duplicity in regard to Aunt Rittenhouse—and I must say I think they were quite right.

As for Uncle Rittenhouse, his adventure in the apartment of Prince Powwowsky, as he always called him, was his best stock story to his dying day. Unless I am very much mistaken, Aunt Rittenhouse used to tell that story sometimes, too.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES

VOGUE is issued weekly on Saturdays.
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Advertising orders should reach the office not later than 10 A. M. Friday preceding the week of publication. When special position is required the order should be a week earlier.

MR. Janvier's story, finishing in this number, will be followed in Vogue for December 31st by a farcical sketch written by Madame Elizabeth Cavazza, entitled The Incident of Rataplan. It is very cleverly illustrated by Mr. Francis M. Day. The central figure of this sketch is a cat.

Vogue has been congratulated on the large quantity of advertisements that appeared in its first number. All advertisers appreciate the value of first issues, and to this fact, doubtless, is due largely the number of orders received. The second issue, however, is still more remarkable, as it indicates in a measure the standard value Vogue has as a means of exploiting fine goods. The advertisements are very carefully printed, and when illustrated as Mess. B. Altman & Co., Mess. C. G. Gunther's Sons and Mr. Louis Sherry have illustrated theirs, they become exceptionally distinguished business announcements, most interesting, instructive and valuable to every reader.

The well illustrated advertisement is in a period of development in American journals, and the future has much in store for us.

VOGUE SOCIETY SUPPLEMENT

DECEMBER 24, 1892

THE first Monday dance, the report of another international engagement, an international marriage, Mrs. Frederic Vanderbilt's dinner to two musicians of note, Mrs. Stokes's pretty cotillon dinner and Mrs. Francklyn's Christmas dance made the week before the feast of Christmas the gayest on record for some years. That a beautiful and wealthy American girl is about to marry a lord of high degree no longer causes surprise; on the contrary such alliances are looked for, and especially was this the case with Miss Cornelia Bradley Martin, whose engagement to the young Earl of Craven, the fourth Earl of his name, was cabled from Balma Caan to her aunt, Mrs. Julien Davies, last Saturday.

It was a foregone conclusion, so far as society was concerned, that this young heiress would be married by a man of title. Last year it was currently reported that the lucky man was Lord Garioch, the eldest son of the Earl of Mar, whose patent of nobility is so ancient that even Burke or DeBrett fails to state the year of its origin. The Craven title is less ancient but a very excellent one. The family have been barons since 1665. The first Earldom was created in 1801. The Earl of Craven is a nephew of the Countess of Cadogan and the Countess of Coventry and his American wife with two such sponsors will one day have a remarkably brillant position in England.

The Hon. Alan Johnstone, another man from across the seas, claimed his American bride, Miss Antoinette Eno Pinchot, on Wednesday of this week. Owing to the illness of the bride the ceremony took place at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Pinchot, Gramercy Park, instead of St. George's Church, as originally planned. Fortunately Miss Pinchot recovered sufficiently from an attack of tonsilitis to enable her to go through the ceremony. She made a beautiful bride in spite of her pallor. There was a bit of sentiment about her wedding gown, which was the one worn by her mother, modified to conform with present fashions. On the white satin was draped almost priceless point lace which had been worn by three generations of family brides. Lord and Lady Derwent sent from England to their new daughter a beautiful diamond tiara, and other English relatives some fine pieces of plate. Mr. Johnstone is Secretary of the British Legation at Washington.

The Monday dance fairly rivalled the Patriarch's ball in beauty and elegance. It was an early dance, as compared with those of last year, the cotillon coming before supper. Sherry's beautiful rooms required no further decorations than the scores of handsome women and girls. Mrs. Colgate looked remarkably well in her Empire gown of white brocade, and coiffure à la Grecque. Mrs. Henry Clews, who is far away from the dowager's row, was as fair and fresh as her rose bud daughter in her gown of delicate yellow satin and gauze garlanded with tiny Scotch roses. Mrs. Seward Webb was quite regal in dead white brocade and a diadem of diamonds, and Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, also in white, displayed some superb emeralds set in diamonds, worn on the corsage. The diaphanous white gowns so much affected by débutantes for the last few seasons gave way on this occasion to satins and brocades in pale tints made in the picturesque modes now prevailing.

Two musicians now in New York, Johannes Wolff the violin player, and Joseph Hollman the 'cello player, were the guests of honor at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederic W. Vanderbilt, on Tuesday night. In London these men are almost spoiled children of fortune, and are in receipt of adulation and flattery from all quarters. In coming to a new country they wisely chose to appeal first to the great audiences of music lovers and then to present many letters which they brought from Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Arthur Paget and Mrs. Ronalds, assuring them of a welcome in every drawing room of importance in New York.

No small amount of pleasure was afforded by the singing, after dinner, of Miss Fannie Reed, who has been heard too seldom in New York of late.

Mrs. Stokes, who rarely attempts anything on a small scale, gave a dinner of eighty on Thursday. Some of the guests were married, but young people were in the majority. It would take a large party to crowd the Stokes mansion, but the dance which followed was restricted to those fortunate enough to be asked to dine. Mr. Robert S. Minturn led the cotillon.

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Francklyn had a Christmas dance in their old-fashioned Washington Square house, for the young friends of their son, Mr. Gilbert Francklyn, who came back from his English university only a few months ago.

The reading of Mr. Marion Crawford, at the house of Miss Amy Townsend on Thursday night, proved the intellectual feast of the week. This was on the occasion of the first meeting, this year, of the Thursday Evening Club.

Next week will be a quiet one in town. The principal entertainment will be Mrs. Whitney's promised dance on Thursday. There will be a general exodus from town for New Year's day, particularly in the direction of Westchester and Tuxedo. Mr. John Furman will play host at Westchester for a large house party and a luncheon on January 2d. At Tuxedo on New Year's eve there will be the annual dance; and on January 2d Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., will give a ball in her Tuxedo house.

COMING EVENTS

Monday, December 26th.—Mrs. Henry de Coppet, 22 West Seventeenth Street. Children's cotillon.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, 253 Lexington Avenue. Dance.

Tuesday, December 27th.—Mrs. Newcomb, Mrs. Reginald Henshaw Ward, 683 Fifth Avenue. Reception.

Mrs. Bacon, Miss Bacon. Tuesdays until Lent.

Wednesday, December 28th.—Mrs. John Furman, Mrs. W. K. Bond Emerson, 47 West Nineteenth Street. Wednesdays in December.

Mrs. Frederic R. Coudert, 13 East Forty-fifth Street. Wednesdays in December.

Mrs. Harry J. Nicholas, Miss Nicholas, Hotel Brunswick. Wednesdays in December.

Mrs. Daniel Butterfield, 616 Fifth Avenue. Reception with music.

Mrs. J. J. Alexandre, 2 West Sixteenth Street. Children's party.

Mr. Peter Marié, 48 West Nineteenth Street. Dinner.

Mrs. Burke-Roche, N. Madison Square. Dinner.

Thursday, December 29th.—Mr. and Mrs. Anson B. Moran, 36 West Thirty-ninth Street. Reception.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Miss Lorillard. Reception.

Mrs. Edwin Parsons, N. Madison Square. Dance.

Friday, December 30th.—Mrs. Geradus Wynkoop, 128 Madison Avenue. Reception.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan. Dance.

Saturday, December 31st.—Mrs. Edward Mitchell, 31 East Fiftieth Street. Reception.

Mrs. J. Howard Van Amringe, Miss Van Amringe, 66 West Forty-seventh Street. Reception.

CHRISTMAS COUNTRY PARTIES

Christmas week offers few events in town, the fashion or fancy of country house parties gaining a firmer hold every year.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers (daughter of Hamilton Fish), with their daughters, will entertain at Garrisons-on-the-Hudson, where their new house, built to replace the historic Beverley House burned last winter, will soon be finished.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr., will also keep Christmas at Garrisons.

Mr. and Mrs. John Iselin will entertain a house party at Eagle's Rest, near Garrisons. The house has been nearly rebuilt in Colonial style.

The Misses Cameron will entertain a house party during Christmas week at their country place, Clifton Berly, Staten Island.

Mrs. Anson Phelps-Stokes will take a large party of young people to her country house at Lenox, Mass., for the holiday season.

LONDON

[From Our Own Correspondent]

THE important news of the moment is, of course, the now almost open secret of the coming betrothal of Princess May of Teck to the Duke of York. The official announcement will probably be made during the Christmas festivities,—which are to be unusually lively this season—either at Osborne or Sandringham. Princess May, by-the-bye, has since her first prétendu's death adopted the more dignified appellation of Princess Victoria, at Grandmamma's arbitrary behest. It is a name, however, the public will have none of; to the country at large she will always be Princess May.

We have had a long season of dull monotony; trade has never been so depressed, society functions never at so low an ebb; every one, therefore, of all sorts and conditions is looking forward to a royal marriage with eager anticipations and hopes of a better time to come. In the interval, our Teck Princess is the cynosure of all eyes; her goings and comings, her occupations, pastimes and gowns, the immediate pour parler of everyone. And in this same matter of clothes, Princess May, for a pretty princess, shows an indifference amounting almost to carelessness. She does not, it is true, affect the violent combinations of color for which her mother has always been notorious—contrasts which scream at one another, and set one's teeth on edge by their gorgeous incongruity.

Still, the Princess is the worst dressed smart young woman in London, and when in company with the Princess of Wales's daughters she often appears absolutely dowdy. The fact is, the Duchess of Teck seldom, if ever, patronizes up-to-date tradespeople. One never finds her going to such modistes as Mmes. Heyward, Swacke, Puntz or Russell and Allen; and when Princess May's late trousseau was in process of construction the firms commissioned to carry it out were the gossip of the hour.

After all, garments, though a most important factor in a woman's success, are not everything, and to see Princess May where she shines brightest and appears happiest, is to see her in her own delightful little morning-room at White Lodge, Richmond, or giving out tea in the long corridor, the central figure of a happy home group. Her father, mother and brothers love her devotedly, and to them nothing is complete if May is not in it. Indeed, the home life at White Lodge is quite ideal.

Princess May's morning-room is a charming little apartment, furnished most daintily and full of souvenirs of all kinds. The one large wide window looks out across a bed of scarlet geraniums on to a lawn like green velvet, shadowed by great trees, hoary with years. Within all is fresh and bright, the walls laid in soft pink, the woodwork of white enamel, the chairs, couches, tables, and pretty writing desk, which stands within the window, of the same virginal tint. In one corner is a small upright piano, literally scattered over with all the latest musical novelties, and draped with soft white silk painted in a design of American autumn leaves, maple and beach foliage, the work of an American lady. The same design is repeated in the decoration of the over-mantel and continued in the panels of the doors. A tall cabinet holds the tea service used by the Queen, when she and Prince Albert played at honey-mooning from time to time at White Lodge, in their early married days. It is of the finest white china, as transparent almost as glass, and most delicately painted in a design of pink heather; if you are an especially favored guest, Princess May treats you to tea in one of these historic cups. Books abound everywhere, and photographs of every possible royal connection, to say nothing of celebrities past and present. The writing table in the window is a model of neatness, and gives evidence of the Princess's orderly habits. One drawer, on being opened, showed her different account books, all most admirably kept, another held her letters, and the third her case of jewelry. Two very inviting arm chairs make a cosy corner on one side of the open fire-place, and numberless small tables fill up intervening spaces, upon which books, sketches and numerous bibelots make a delightful litter. It is here that Princess May spends most of her time. Here she studies, writes and works, and here too she has doubtless passed many a sad and anxious hour of late.

It is always very pleasant to record the success of a young girl, and doubly so when that girl is pretty, very pretty, and an American. Miss Martha Conyngham is just now being very much spoken of. She was called upon at literally an hour's notice to fill Miss Mary Ansell's rôle in Walker, London. Miss Ansell, who created the charming Irish Nelly O'Brien in the comedy which has kept Toole's

filled night after night for the last nine months, was suddenly taken seriously ill, and how to fill her place was an anxious puzzle not easily solved by Mr. Toole. Mrs. Billington came to the rescue, suggested Miss Conyngham, who had been for some time acting the title character in the curtain-raiser Daisy, and Mr. Toole agreed to give her the chance. Her success was instantaneous. She recited her lines perfectly, and achieved an unqualified success.

Miss Conyngham is very young as well as very pretty, only nineteen. She is the daughter of Mr. Albert B. Conyngham of Baltimore, the well-known editor of the Morning Herald. In appearance she is tall and slight, with a graceful figure and a charmingly picturesque face; dark eyes and hair, and a warm brunette complexion. She possesses also a sweet mezzo voice, cultivated under Mme. Marchese in Paris, which she accompanies on the harp, an instrument always a favorite with the Queen, and now coming very much into vogue at all smart houses.

Mr. Burns's recent purchase of an estate at South Mimms, Herefordshire, is the topic of much discussion. Mr. J. S. Morgan, Mr. Burns's late father-in-law, was always very much liked in England, and though not in any way a society man, he entertained most hospitably at his country home, Dover House, Rochampton, and the regret expressed at his tragic death three years ago was truly heartfelt. It is a very beautiful old Elizabethan manor house, which Mr. Burns has bought, older than Hatfield, Lord Salisbury's historic home, surrounded by miles of park land, and acres of capital shooting. South Mimms is indeed one of the most interesting old settlements in England, and owns a history which dates back to Saxon days, and includes royal pilgrimages and halts innumerable.

At Mme. Julie Swacke's yesterday I saw Miss Peel's wedding trouseau, Miss Peel's wedding next week being the next coming social event. The wedding gown was simple in the extreme. A rich soft brocade in cream satin, the train of medium length cut rounding, the front draped in festoons of beautiful old Brussels point, her mother's gift. The lace was carried up one side in a panel. The bodice was full in the back, and crossed over surplice fashion in front, being held in by a folded belt. From the turn down collar fell a very wide and very full volent of the lace. The sleeves of enormous proportions, also had a wide fall of lace at the elbow, tight under sleeves finished quite plainly, coming to the wrists. The veil was of tulle, the wreath of real orange flowers. No jewelry is to be worn. The going away gown was also pretty. A pale tan crêpon shot with a light blue silk stripe, the skirt just touching the ground, finished off by an inch wide band of dark blue velvet, and a tiny row of gold galloon. The bodice was full to the shaped waist-band, and had a deep yoke back and front formed of blue velvet, heavily embroidered in gold. Over this, as a wrap, a long cloak of soft tan tweed, lined with fur and faced with pink shot silk, is to be worn, the collar and edge of fur making a most effective finish.

Mme. Swacke makes a specialty of her skirts, and nowhere are better hung skirts to be found. She has just now two distinct styles, those made very full from the hips to the back, and those gored up almost to nothing under the short pointed or rounded bodice—the former are mostly made for day gowns, the latter for evening wear. Sleeves are more enormous than ever, and are always of a contrasting color, and to be smart should be of velvet only. There is a rumor of a revival of crinolines in the spring, but this is a canard that no one so far has cared to investigate.

Colonel and Mrs. Cheseburgh have come up to town from Oldfield Lodge, Maidenhead, and taken a most charming home in Hans Place for the winter. Mrs. Cheseburgh is looking prettier than ever, and to those who knew her as Miss Emma Daly this is saying a great deal. She is one of the most popular American hostesses in London, and as kind as she is hospitable. Diane.

FLORAL NOTES

One of the pleasantest results of the fashion for country life is the love for flowers which it engenders. It is now the principal fad of the day to have, twice a week, boxes of old-fashioned flowers sent in from the country conservatory. These flowers are arranged in vases of every conceivable shape and size by the lady of the house, to Suit her own individual taste. Four tall vases filled with them placed at the corners of the dining table are extremely decorative. Potted plants, such as daisies, azaleas, Martha Washington geraniums, lobelia, etc., are also sent in from out of town. Mr. George Vanderbilt's conservatory, which opens out of the picture gallery, is filled with these plants, which are renewed every week in order to keep a fresh appearance. Florists can and do supply these same flowers, but they have not as much variety in their choice.

The new rose, Madame Caroline Testout, is pink and of medium size. It is beautiful and popular. Many entertainers still cling to the fashion of using flowers of one kind only, for instance, American Beauties. Mrs. Bradley-Martin was the first person in this country to use to any great extent single roses in profusion. It is now ten years since she first gave these dinners where the entire centre of the table was covered with these superb long-stemmed specimens. The cost of them then, as now, was enormous, single roses bringing often a dollar and a half apiece.

No true flower lover can care for the green carnation, produced only to gratify a passing fancy, and suggestive of absinthe drinking and other acquired tastes.

[Thanks are due to Messrs. Brown and Scallen.]

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATES

In M. Vallet's pretty drawing (page 19) the figure at the piano has a dinner gown of light green, very lustrous bengaline. The botton of the skirt is trimmed with black fur, as is the large black velvet collar, which is embroidered in pale green stones and jet. The belt and long hanging ends from bows are embroidered to match, and the ends finished with jet fringe. The sleeves of bengaline are high and puffed. They are gathered in and fastened with a band and a stiff butterfly bow of the bengaline. The skirt is fulled on the waist. The back of the waist without seams, is pulled to at the waist-line and fitted under the arms; the bodice fastening in front under the collar.

The standing figure has a gown of light yellow silk, made in princess style and draped with crêpe de chine of the same shade in folds. The yoke is of light blue satin (dove blue almost gray), embroidered in gold and stones, with narrow gold fringe as a finish. The sleeves of crêpe fall below a shoulder puff of crêpe. Large ruffles of crêpe hang from the elbow.

The wrap shown on the chair is of light gray cloth—circular in shape—lined with soft rose colored surah. There is a hood at the back, and around the neck and falling down the front is a large boa of pink ostrich feathers. The boa is adjustable.

The street costume (page 22) is of écru cloth, the skirt trimmed with sable. The corsage has pointed girdle, cuffs, sleeve caps, and collar of dark brown velvet. A fall of écru lace decorates the neck, and the velvet muff also. A hat of brown velvet with ostrich plumes of the same color finishes this costume.

The seated figure (page 23) shows a simple costume of gray bengaline, decorated with bands of embroidery in pale pink and gray. The belted-in vest has a band of the embroidery at the top (below the smooth fitting yoke), finished by rosettes at each side. The puffed sleeves of gray bengaline end in a long embroidered cuff. The capote of gray plush is trimmed with stiff black wings.

Le Petit Chocolatier

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Two New Novels begin in the January Number: "The Refugees," a great American Historical Romance, by A. CONAN DOYLE, and "Horace Chase," an American Story, by CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Among the other attractions for the year will be:

New articles on the *South and West*, by JULIAN RALPH. The papers on *The Old Way to Dixie*, *New Orleans*, and *Florida* will be beautifully illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY. *Wyoming* and *Colorado* will be treated in the Western series.

Articles on *Old New York*, by THOMAS A. JANVIER, illustrated.

Articles on *Russia and Germany*, by POULTNEY BIGELOW, illustrated by REMINGTON.

Impressions of *A Season in London*, by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, illustrated.

Eastern Riders. Five papers by Colonel T. A. DODGE, U.S.A., illustrated.

The African Slave-Trade, by HENRY M. STANLEY, illustrated by REMINGTON.

Italian Gardens, described and illustrated by CHARLES A. PLATT.

Personal Recollections of John G. Whittier, by Mrs. JAMES T. FIELDS, illustrated.

Illustrations of Shakespeare's Comedies, by E. A. ABBEY.

A New Novel by William Black to begin in the June Number, etc.

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The World's Fair. During the year special pains will be taken to tell you all about the Exposition. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Order the Round Table, which has more than 60,000 members, is to have a Reunion in Chicago in July.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for 1893.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for the coming year will present more attractive features than any other periodical of this country.

The Columbian Exposition, through its growth to its completion, will be illustrated fully by an artist whose studio will be located in Chicago as long as the Fair lasts.

Army and Navy. HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue to be what may be called the official pictorial organ of the two services.

Public Events, disasters by fire and flood, and all incidents of public concern will be brought out as promptly as they become of interest.

The Political Events of the year and the statesmen who appear prominently in them will be pictured with pen and pencil.

Portraits, for which the WEEKLY is justly celebrated, with biographical sketches, will be given of men and women of note.

Amateur Sport. This popular Department will continue under the editorship of CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

The Short Stories, which are a marked feature of the WEEKLY, are by such writers as RUDYARD KIPLING, A. CONAN DOYLE, W. CLARK, RUSSELL, WALTER BESANT, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, OLIVE SCHREINER, JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, and JULIAN RALPH.

The Illustrations will be furnished by such distinguished artists as CHARLES S. REINHART, A. B. FROST, T. DE THULSTRUP, FREDERIC REMINGTON, W. T. SMEDLEY, R. F. ZOGBAUM, R. CATON WOODVILLE, CHARLES GRAHAM, and others.

HARPER'S BAZAR for 1893.

HARPER'S BAZAR begins its Twenty-sixth Volume in 1893. It is the best weekly journal for women in the world.

Fashion. The BAZAR's facilities are unsurpassed. It anticipates changes in the mode.

Worth Models. SANDOZ and MAGNIANT constantly furnish beautiful designs for the BAZAR from Worth models, for carriage, promenade, dinner, reception and evening toilets.

The Pattern-Sheet Supplement enables women to cut their own garments at home, and is indispensable to the *modiste*.

Serials will be written by WALTER BESANT and EDNA LYALL.

Short Stories. By MARY E. WILKINS, MARION HARLAND, HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD and others.

Cooking and Serving. Useful receipts in great variety will be prepared by competent writers.

Embroidery and Needle-work will be frequently illustrated by CANDACE WHEELER and MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

Special Features. "At the Toilet," by CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK. "Color Effects in the Garden," by CANDACE WHEELER. OLIVE THORNE MILLER writes of domestic pets.

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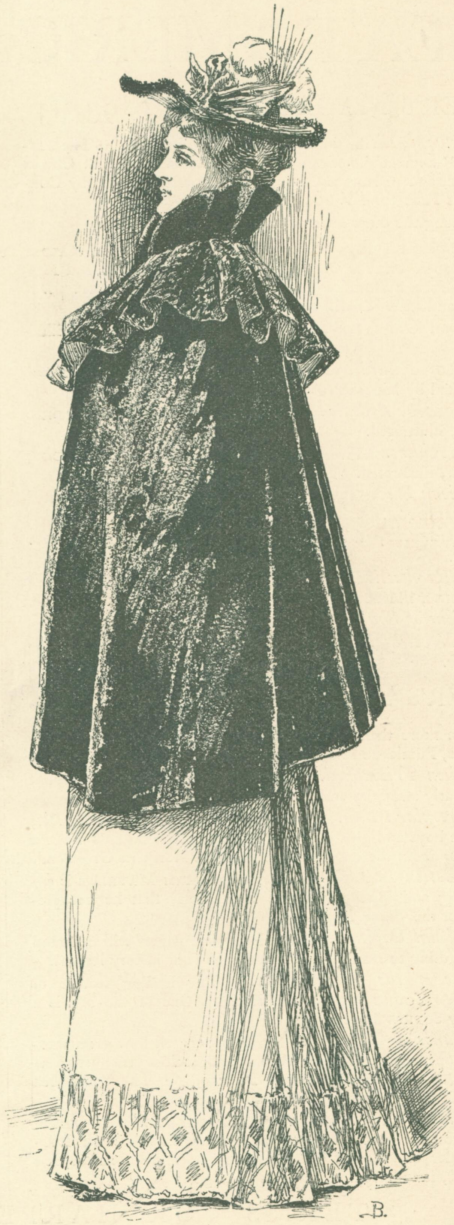

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